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GOLDEN ROD EDITION.

# The Hon. Job Larson

## HISTORICAL DRAMA

### PERSONS REPRESENTED:

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

MEADE, HANCOCK, BUTLER, SICKLES, Federal Generals.

STANNARD, COLVIL, Federal Officers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

LEE, HOOB, Confederate Generals.

FESSENDEN, Confederate Officer.

HON. JOB LARSON, Politician Out of Office.

EUGENE THODEN, Young Man Ruined by License.

CAPT. MAGINNIS, Aide to Governor of New York.

O'BRIEN, A Telegraph Operator.

GUY, A Crank.

A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.

JEFFRIES, A Locomotive Engineer.

JAY, GREEN, Country Smarties.

TOM, A Bar Keeper.

FLYNN, ABBOTT, JACOBS, Union Soldiers.

JUSTIN, Railroad Brakemen, GOVERNORS, SEC'Y STANTON,

Union and Rebel Soldiers, Police and Others.

GLORIA, Daughter to Governor of New York.

VICTORIA, Niece to Governor of New York.

DULCINEA, A Flirt.

MARTHA, Mentor to Job Larson.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.



THE  
HON. JOB LARSON

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BY P<sup>okey</sup> OGDON DREW

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# THE HON. JOB LARSON.

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## ACT I, SCENE I.

*(Washington—Room in the White House. President Abraham Lincoln. Governor of N. Y., Governors of Mass., Ohio, Penn., Secy. Stanton and others discovered seated.)*

LINCOLN:—"Gentlemen: Since first began, two years ago, our sanguine term of office,  
So oft repeated blood news of battle's come—  
And followed: Beginning with fell Antietam,  
Each discounting on its predecessors: Such deeds of hero-  
ism

As not been known before on this fair continent:  
We grieve and faint, that brother's blood be so shed  
I' internecine strife 'twixt North and South:  
Eleven wayward sisters so out our States' galaxy.  
Infected with mad revolt let loose of Hell,  
Would cut the bonds our fathers drew  
In wisdom, and fraternal fealty true.  
So hear us God,—our one desire:  
From Heaven, they be tuned with sighs for peace  
To cool rough war's inflamed bruises  
And fold our country in downy wings of love.  
He who led Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, guide us,  
To bring to pass this consecration of our life.—  
New York, our Juno sister. How bear your people  
Their share this latest levy on their dear sons?"

GOV. N. Y.:—"Some illy, your excellency: What with looking big,  
 And with veiled or open threats and prophecies,  
 Predict the North's downfall and future ruin:  
 The Southrons' better generaled, say they,  
 And England, full of idle cotton mills,  
 Is speedily to intervene and throw  
 Her greatness upon the rebels' scale;  
 Others cry, 'Let them go; why sweat and pain  
 To hold unwilling loves? 'twere vain:  
 The world wagged before and we'll wag after  
 All these horrors often told or left untold;  
 With gold i' the markets bringing two for one.'"

LINCOLN:—"Merely the noisy mouthings of ego-  
 tists  
 Which, as I take it, have infected every age  
 Since history tells us tales of men.  
 The general body, governor, believe me,  
 Even as you and I, are raged as in a nightmare;  
 Yet resolved, withal, to push on—not stop—  
 Till our spangled banners as of yore  
 Rise and fall on the winds of Heaven!  
 Mobile to Shiloh! Vicksburg to Sumter!  
 This is our life: beseech you; take you heart from it."

GOV. N. Y.:—"This do we essay, but dispatches just  
 at hand declare:  
 Greeley's last edition authenticates the rumor  
 Of Benjamin's cotton loan in Europe:  
 Lee's to have another thirty thousand cavalry  
 And with direful suddenness of action  
 Confuse our troops: swoop on Washington:  
 Palsying, thus, our dear endeavors.  
 Their right bower, Jubal Early, is to lead this force  
 Which they believe, so fondly, nothing can withstand."

LINCOLN:—"For their Lee, we've Grant: for his  
 Early,—Sheridan.  
 Betwixt their Richmond and our stamping ground  
 Stands fast, many a serried rank of blue  
 Nor know they fear but to it go,  
 With prayers for home and blows for foe.  
 Our firm, tenacious, Stanton, here, sees to 't—  
 The boys have all that may be given

In way of furnishings.  
Take home to your states these assurances;  
Infuse the people with your determined spirit;  
Do your parts well,—supply your portion,  
And yet we'll rid America's far-famed shore  
Of this horrid specter's presence:  
Teaching blood is spilled under God-fearing guidance;  
Tinging a sacrificial hue  
All this toil and weariness of heart and body;  
Upholding by prayer through gaunt disorders  
To a calm haven of rest and joy."

GOV. MASS.:—"Massachusetts, of the Pilgrims, ne'er  
turns her back to foes."

GOV. PENN.:—"Your Keystoner faileth not in time  
of deepest woes."

GOV. OHIO:—"Ohio's fertile acres breed men—not  
wives."

GOV. N. Y.:—"Nor yet New York, I'll fore't at what-  
ever cost of lives."

*(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter Capt. Maginnis and Gloria severally.)*

MAGINNIS:—"The Governor's papers, where are  
they? Oh, here! So pressed are we with high affairs  
'tis wonderful we keep our heads in place—hello!" "You  
here? how happened you here?"

GLORIA:—"Can't I inspect the White House, Mister  
Captain Maginnis, as well as any one? But a pretty caval-  
ier! Is this blank stare a lover's transport?"

MAG.:—"Perhaps not, but you know a man must gauge  
his manners to their recipient's mood, if that's a proper ex-  
pression, especially if it be a woman."

GLORIA:—"Fie! fie! how you speak! but why be  
loitering and not attending father when I know he's on the  
very verge of breaking down, and near distracted by work  
connected on those horrid riots in New York?"

MAG.:—"Hear me, hear me, your ladyship, he sent me  
back to fetch his parchment which inadvertently left he  
lying here."



“GLORIA:—“Well, pray you take it and be gone. I’ll follow on to Union Station with Victoria in half an hour.”

MAG.:—“Fail not; we must get home to-night and will await you there. Take you a hack for these be times when strange things may hap in Washington.”

GLORIA:—“Be not disturbed for us, but yourself, use comely conduct, that nothing comes amiss.”

MAG.:—S’ddeath, you anger me. I’m not a school boy to be pulled along by ear, nor metamorphically spanked at all outlandish times, when whims run riot with you.”

GLORIA:—“Pray desist your lecture. We’re not married yet.” (*going*)

MAG.:—“Where is Victoria?”

GLORIA:—(*Outside*) “In the picture gallery,—I go to her.”

MAG.:—(*Solus*) For one, I hope, my lady, we never will be married. Was ever man like me? By rights too much distracted with this recruiting business to be in love at all, yet ten times worse, to be engaged to one while loving dear another?” (*Exit.*)

## CURTAIN.

### ACT I, SCENE II.

(*Willowdale. Interior of an Insurance Office. Job Larson discovered seated. Enter Eugene Thoden.*)

J. L.:—“How d’ye do, Gene: What’s latest from the front, boy?”

GENE:—“Damned low-dutch-yankee! better go and ask your substitute, serving out such paltry patriotism for a seven hundred dollar pittance, but offering by half less mark for rebel shots than would your own improper hulk—and thereby it follows. Job, that you have served the state without intending to—for by calculation ’twill take them twice the time to puncture him than you.—The front to hell! What have you in common there—so be it not a-guzzling rum in some moonshiner’s captured still?”



J. L.:—"Naa! Naa! What would you have? We who live by shearing lambs must nullify the tweaks of conscience somehow, an' how's to be done except with drink? Answer me that, my hearty."

GENE:—"Nay—not to your face."

J. L.:—"Where would you then?—to my behind?"

GENE:—"To neither; but by substitute. Your conscience! Indeed!"

J. L.:—"Ah, you rogue you! When Polk called us out in forty-four I was just your age and all unspotted—but, the world, the world, has spoilt me! Remember you then this, which I have learned by knocks: Nature's weak in all men and must be helped to bear with great responsibilities. Grow you, then, fat and merry; lean and jaded; as you will—as you start; as I was going to say—when you have come into your old gent's worthy shoes and represent the country—as you should—do not let a free lance of love and drink and war be impaled by law, because to live, perchance, we dupe a joy or two—'tis nothing lost I promise you, for to that end were they born, an't must be so."

GENE:—"Partly, you say well:—would you captivate a maid, for instance? Start aright and half is done: Even so, get on the wrong switch and the devil's own is to pay."

J. L.:—"By Dixie, you say true, Gene, I've had that happen me—but is not that soubrette at Daly's place a charmer?"

GENE:—"As a ripe peach for the plucking, honorable sir, and are not Sing Sing stripes crackerjacks for a masquerade?"

J. L.:—"Naa! Naa! drunken ape! insinuate not so, personally, for what a continental have I to do with Sing Sing stripes?"

GENE:—"And where am I connected with your soubrette at Daly's?"

J. L.:—"Why, Gene, you've often stood for supper there after the show was over."

GENE:—"Suppose I did: I paid for it all too."

J. L.:—Gene, you know you would have it so and said your cash might as well go so as any tother way.”

GENE:—“And when ’twas gone I run my face.”

J. L.:—“True, and run it so, that were not things as they are but as they were with me—but dropping that—when you are judge, Gene, pass not strict on skill with cards; do not send gamblers to the lockup.”

GENE:—“No you shall.”

J. L.:—“Me? By Dixie, I’d swinge the rascals into good behaviour.”

GENE:—“Hell! Paunch, I mean you should conduct the gentry up to jail and so become a good conductor.”

J. L.:—“Faugh! Chump, the smallness of your mind sometimes disgusts me (*G takes bill from pocket*) Is that a hundred dollar bill?—but really, Gene, you have the very worstest figurative speech imaginable and the slyest fox too, for your years—loan it me until next week: thanks!—and still there’s some accuse me of untoward influence over you. Gad! an’ they knew the truth, the thing’s reversed. Between you, me and the gate post now—joking all aside—who’s brought about these city larks of ours? Just tell me that—you know—none better, and yet Deacon Forbes, the white headed sinner, preached me here about misleading youth astray.”

GENE:—“Hell! You couldn’t influence a half witted ape.”

J. L.:—“Exactly not; I told him what was what, mind you that. He got a piece of mind from me, the canting hypocrite in sacrilegious garb.”

GENE:—“Sacrilegious. Hell! You mumble words without connection, but I’ll bet you did him brown. True wisdom views all sides of things—your deacon sees but one.”

J. L.:—“Or professes to—so much the worse—but you put it neatly, Gene; I’ve often noted your comprehensive views upon philosophy. They’re good, but dang it they’re corrupting me. Damme, you can argue round and round and bring up this and bring up that and say that all religions come from Moses; that all mankind are slaves to

circumstance; that none are free but all is bound, and differ only in degree. A maze of logic makes me spotless; anyhow 'tis time to ape the saints since I can't much longer bear a devil's part."

GENE:—"O Senility! would you dieker with those things as the strength of your pulse beat varies?"

J. L.:—"My thought was but your wise man's application of good principles, Gene—following the lines of least resistance and leading a decent life besides. I swear its not wrong to take the easiest way, for when all's said and done it's ending often 's not is good as any tother—(*sound of footsteps approaching*) Guy—Now shall we hear if anything's in the wind. Here's your born distorter of men's and women's character. Perhaps he sees me tipsy. Straightway the Devil's got me, and I'm on the verge of tremens. Or say I go to church. Why the prophets are my intimates and saying beads my occupation. No doubt such men are for a useful purpose, but what 'tis I've yet to ferret out" (*enter Guy.*)

GENE:—"How goes it, Guy?"

GUY:—"Fairly good. So here is our Monsieur de June! Sir, your son, the station agent—God knows how happened he to be your son—anyhow, he's sick with stomach gripes and you must tend the job till his relieving agent comes."

J. L.:—"Zooks! Who told you this, Catalypse? Does Mrs. Martha know it?"

GUY:—"She's tending him you may be sure and I have it straight from George himself; he bids me tell you not to fail."

J. L.:—"Well, I'll do it, then, and with spirit; I told his sainted mother that I'd cherish him, and the boy's bamboozled in that job. Red tape! 'tis worse than commissariat when we were down in Mexico! I showed 'em there, results are more than methods, and damme, I'll put curves on their parabolas here."

GUY:—"You!—an' you didn't get fired in that job, you'd shrivel up and die."

J. L.:—"O, I've quick recovery powers—take care 'f yourself. I'm off." (*Exit J. L.*)

GUY:—(*Calling*) "Get you not George in trouble or I'll punch your head myself."

J. L.:—(*Outside*) "Trust me."

GUY:—"There's a character for your life—but, Gene, I come especially to talk with you today about our goings on of late. You know they're not a credit to ourselves nor anybody else and it won't do; so let's quit and go enlist."

GENE:—"Only for one thing, I would."

GUY:—"And that is Dulcinea?"

GENE:—"Yes."

GUY:—"What you can see in *her* is more than I can comprehend. A shallow thing, baiting fellows on with simple, silly arts."

GENE:—"There's another fellow wants her bad enough. I've seen his letters to her."

GUY:—"Thus she tricks you on to the point. Bah! I'd sooner wed a Dinah. She knows your pocketbook's a fat one."

GENE:—"Nixey. Jeffries' teaching me points in sparring. I'll have and hold her by fighting if necessary."

GUY:—"Ye gods! take your own road, then! but watch her close. I've seen that kind before. When the woman's not a self-controller you'd best give her the go-by."

GENE:—"Give your advice, whens't asked for, please."

GUY:—"Oh, I've done. So-long to you."

(*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT I, SCENE III.

(*Interior of depot telegraph office. J. L. discovered reading. Noise of passing train.*)

(*Voice outside*) "Look out young fellow, you'll tear your pants!"

J. L.:—"Huh—huh! another duffer, on the through flyer, making town on one of Fatty Joneses' slow-up's. Slow-

up's! he don't reduce a fraction, but the brakies made 'em think he does. Not one man in ten knows how to jump off moving trains and, I swear, there's bound to come disaster from the practice yet. 'Tother day a fellow let go and dropped—fairly flew a rod before he lit, and then gyrated through the mud half a dozen times."

(*Enter O'Brien, dishevelled.*)

O'BRIEN:—"Pretty rank business, that!"

J. L.:—(*Behind Newspaper*) "Um-m."

O'B.:—"Good morning, sir."

J. L.:—"Um-m."

O'B.:—"I just arrived on that train."

J. L.:—"Um-m."

O'B.:—"Are you the agent?"

J. L.:—"Um-m."

O'B.:—"I'm the new assistant—here is superintendent Tillotson's letter."

J. L.:—(*Throws down newspaper*) "Brave deeds! Humph!—Well, sit upon the table, and make yourself at home, (*reads letter*)—*first position, willing worker*. Good enough, you'll do, I hope! For me, I'm sick and tired o' this business. The work and tape 's enough to kill a mule, but 'tis injustice and slack appreciation that makes me hot. You can't pick up a two penny sheet without seeing lots of printed rot about the heroism of locomotive engineers and the awful strain upon the train dispatchers, but never a solitary word about the station agent—and I'm supposed to be one now myself—to read the paper you would think an engineer always kept his gaze on the rails ahead and his grip behind upon the lever, wouldn't you?"

O'B.:—"That's the way they tell it."

J. L.:—"Well, any section man can tell you an engineer's asleep half the time between stations. The only way to call 's attention to slow-flags or stop signals, is to shie a rock through 's cab window. There's the fact of 't. Now, as for your train dispatcher whom the paragraphers make so much of, we all know what he is—a petty tyrant

with an eight hour trick whose arduous duties consist in raw-hiding us poor wretches out on the line, bulldozing us into sending him a regular tribute of fresh eggs and butter. Heroism! Responsibility! Faugh, let's drink!—the bottle looks a little dirty, but's all right. Hoch!"

O'B.:—"Hoch!"

J. L.:—"You're familiar with the tariffs, time-cards, rates, and rules and regulations, I suppose?"

O'B.:—"They're new to me and I'm a little lame there, but think can pick it up all right."

J. L.:—"That's bad, though. You'd better sit right down and familiarize yourself with them. You'll find 'em there in those files. Besides the tariffs there's a hundred supplements and twice as many more amendments, in addition to half a thousand circulars that you should post up on. Then there's the special rates-commodity; the modifying rulings applying to the differential rates—there's a couple score of them. After getting those all down pat, it would be best devote a little time to live stock quarantine by-laws, export consists, or learn by heart the routings, per instructions, to various terminals. Hello! there's that freight here at last. Tell 'em there's nothing for 'em. I've got to go across the street collecting bills—you can check out any freight they've got." (*Exit J. L.*)

O'B.:—"I guess I was a fool to think of trying this, but there's nothing like seeing things through once you've started in."

(*Enter Condr.*)

CONDR.:—"Hello! New man here aint you?—ask 'm if he's got anything for twenty-three."

O'B.:—(*Works key*) "He says,—'No.'"

CONDR.:—"Well, here's your 'soup.' We're in at 'leven-forty. Screw yourself out here now and get this freight—don't dally long about it either." (*Exit Condr.*)

O'B.:—"He talks like a bear, and I, his cub. Screw myself! I won't screw myself for hobo gangs of train-men—they can unload the goods or leave them in the cars and suit themselves. I sets right here."

CONDR.:—(*Outside*) "Come on out here 'n earn your



salary. Don't go to sleep in your chair."

O'B.:—"I won't do it; 'taint right for them to act abusive. I don't care about the work, but neither do I want to be the butt of a lot of vulgar slang. Let them treat me as they ought."

CONDR.:—(*Outside*) "Are you coming out or shall we tell them to send some one here to run this station?"

O'B.:—"Gee! The dispatcher's calling again like crickey! I'll bet he wants them, but I don't want the telling of it to 'em. I won't answer."

CONDR.:—(*Outside*) "Stay right along in there, you'll hear from this tomorrow."

O'B.:—"He does, he does! I'm sure of it; he makes the order sign. Well, if I'm going to answer, I must—(*works key*) I-I-w-d. (*interprets*) 'Get No. 23.' "  
(*Works key*) "They're busy outside, backing in the siding."

(*Interprets*) "Stop them."

(*Works key*) "I can't, they're in."

(*Interprets*) "Fetch them out."

(*Works key*) "They're uncoupled, I—"

(*Interprets*) "Shut that key and go and bring that crew for orders."

(*Raps on window and calls*) "The dispatcher wants you now for orders."

CONDR.:—(*Outside*) "Tell him to go plumb to Hell."

O'B.:—"No I don't—I'll just wait. Let him call till he's sick of it. I aint no sucker for 'em to run over altogether. I can whistle too." (*Whistles.*)

CONDR.:—(*Appearing*) "If its all the same to you, pardner, we'd just as soon have them orders. We've got a dinner coming up town and 'ud like to get this train put away before night."

O'B.:—"You here!—(*Works key*) "He says now there aint nothing for you—will run you through tomorrow."

(*Condr. gazes a minute, round-eyed, then rushes out.*)



CONDR.:—(*Outside*) "Get a move on yourself there. Get that engine in the round house before he has another fit."

CURTAIN.

ACT I, SCENE IV.

(*A saloon. Tom, the barkeeper, Gene, J. L., Mose and others drinking.*)

GENE:—"In the cooler over night:—he?"

MOSE:—"Aye, the marshal found 'im in the ditch, babbling—as though communed with spirits of the mud, and the worst of it is:—when brought before the justice, for disorderly, he'd no money to pay the fine, and now that he's disgraced his tailor sues upon account and 'll garnishee his wages sure, so putting him in bad complexion with those he'd rather didn't know it."

GENE:—"Well, poor Flynn, the poor unlucky dog; it shan't be so. I'll put up for's fine and debt."

J. L.:—"Um-m, Gene, um-m!"

MOSE:—" 'Twould be very graceful of you, sir."

J. L.:—"Um-m, Gene!"

GENE:—"Be quiet, sow; you appear there, sir, as though you'd overwhelmed something and longed for something more!—What amount will't take?"

MOSE:—"The fine and costs are twelve; the tailor's balance a hundred fifty."

GENE:—"So happens it, I have that sum. Here; take this to him—my compliments, and tell 'm 's not my style to leave a friend in quandary."

MOSE:—"Be sure I shall; also, how much he is your debtor. But let us drink before I go; one all round, Tom."

TOM:—"What shall't be?"

MOSE:—"Whisky straight; 's too cold for beer."

TOM:—"All right, sir; here you are, directly."

J. L.:—"Hot toddy, Tom, for me."

GENE:—"Where's the good of having friends, an' they hang back in times of need with vacant stares and mumbling o'er excuses for not coming forward? I'm glad I'm not built that way. Should I run short of cash, old money-bags'll help me out; won't you, hey? (*Pokes Mose.*)

MOSE:—"You know it well, Master Gene; when you somethings need, come to Mose, he's always ready."

J. L.:—"Um-m, Gene, um-m!"

GENE:—"Curst old toper! will you cease and hold your jaw? Mose, your words bespeak the gentleman,—they like me well; you shall be my banker and receive good interest for your trouble. Let's drink on't."

TOM:—"Same's before?"

GENE:—"Always the same.—Hoch!"

(*Exit Mose.*)

J. L.:—"Hot toddy."

GENE:—"You and your hot toddy! (*Swings him around.*)

J. L.:—"Easy, Gene, easy; remember my lame back!"

GENE:—"Lame back, lame back; why have you lame back? You ought to be ashamed to say you have lame back."

J. L.:—"I never do except 'mongst friends, but conceal it with a jaunty air; nevertheless it's there; I'm getting short of wind too—I feel it every morning. I must have examination—an' my kidneys be not out of order, I'm the cheese man in the moon."

GENE:—"O, come off; give him another hot toddy. (*Enter Guy.*) Here you, Guy! Come and drink with us. Remember not our words today, Guy; never a petticoat of them all shall part us, dear old fellow. Come you here and let's wash it down with good old rye." (*Embraces Guy.*)

GUY:—"Never mention it; 'twas no sooner said than 'twas forgotten; take my advice, though—but, by-the-by, Gene, I made a raise in my pile today; here's the venerable 'C' I had t'other night of you, for which accommo-

dation also hold my everlasting obligation."

GENE:—"No! No! Mention it not, dear fellow,—between us jolly comrades no accounts are kept; outsiders we assess where circumstance allows; ourselves, ourselves are in common all. When I need the money, Guy, and you are by, then shall you pay it, not before."

J. L.:—"Um-m."

GUY:—"When you will; you know 'tis free as water. Let's drink."

TOM:—"What is it, Gents, this time?"

GENE:—"Whisky, whisky!"

J. L.:—"Toddy!"

GENE:—"Toddy! toddy! you barrel;—you'll kill yourself with toddy."

J. L.:—"I'm tough with years and well inured to it. Besides, I don't excite myself with foolish, hot bombast, but give the liquor medicinal chance to work and do me good. You youngsters, bent on excess, strain yourselves beyond all reasonable reason, and neutralize its best effects."

GENE:—"Will you preach to us in such a strain?"

J. L.:—"Nay example's more than mottos. I know boys will be boys and do but show you how to do't with least condemnation."

GENE:—"Oh, monument of knowledge, wise beyond your generation!"

J. L.:—"Gene, Gene, fling not so at me,—it's all truth."

*(Enter R. R. Condr. and Engr. Exit Guy.)*

CONDR.:—"Thank Heaven, Hank, we're here at last,—guess we might's well liquor—Evening, Gents,—will you drink with us?"

*(Re-enter Mose.)*

J. L.:—"How are you, boys?"

GENE:—"You are timely come. I was about to stand the treat. Take one first with me."

CONDR.:—"As you say, not as we care,—mine's

whisky, Tom."

JEFFRIES:—"Me too."

GENE:—"That's ours."

J. L.:—"Toddy."

CONDR.:—"Old blue-nose knows his own and cares not for the fashion. I brought along that case of wine, Gene, and those cigars you wanted from the city. They are in the baggage car. You can have them brought up tomorrow morning."

GENE:—"Did you bring them, really? I am very much obliged. Mose, make him out a draft for fifty. Now boys another.—Tom fill the glasses up again."

JEFFRIES:—"I spoke you for that racing filly,—she's yours, they'll bring her here on Monday."

J. L.:—"O, damme."

JEFFRIES:—"What?"

J. L.:—"Nothing. I had a twinge."

GENE:—"Mind 'm not,—he's full of pimples, and inside festers. But, sir, you can command me for this favor.—Mose, a draft for him to partly recompense his kindness."

J. L. (*Aside*):—"He'll bankrupt 's inheritance before a' gets it.)—We're going, Gene; will you along with us?"

GENE:—"That's right! Go home old crony-feet; 'tis no place here for kids; we're engaged and will not home till morning."

(*Exit J. L. and Guy and Mose.* )

(*Sings*)

" 'Till morning, till morning. By the bright light in the morning."

JEFFRIES:—"By the by, Gene, you know what we were talking of the other day? Well, they do say this new cocky in the depot is your rival there."

GENE:—"Hey!—Fill 'em up Tom—in the depot, say you! Who is—What's a' doing there?"

JEFFRIES:—"This new telegraph operator; but a'

ain't much; he's a pinched and skinny look as though a' had a chicken heart. An' it come to that, you'd do 'm dead easy; just give 'm that left upper cut on the chin and 's case is settled."

GENE:—"Jeff, I'll do't; Jeff, that little girl must be mine; Jeff, I love her so! Jeff—Jeff—"

JEFFRIES:—"Aye, aye, you shall; brace up, Gene, brace up; all you have to do is,—remember that right feint and swing for the wind, and the thing is over."

GENE:—"Jeff, 'twould break my heart to lose Dulcinea."

JEFFRIES:—"In a clinch don't forget that fall I taught you."

GENE:—"Jeff, she's mine; Jeff, she's a——"

CONDR.:—"Tom, your golden goose-egg's getting sleepy; better find 'm a bed."

*(Staggers and falls—others catch him.)*

TOM:—"He's going it a little too fast. Just help me carry 'm in there, boys; he'll be O. K. by morning."

CONDR.:—"Catch hold, Hank, and then we'll roll in too; we want to get a good start on that soldier train tomorrow."

*(Exeunt, carrying Gene out.)*

## CURTAIN.

### ACT II., SCENE I.

*(Willowdale exterior of a railroad depot. Enter conductor and brakeman, soldiers and others in background.)*

CONDR. *(looking at watch)*:—"Well, here 'tis seven fifty-eight by my watch. Let's see, we leave at eight five. *(To some soldiers)* Better get on boys, if you're going. *(To brakeman)* Have you got that freezer next the engine, Joe?"

FIRST BRAKEMAN:—"That's where she am."

CONDR.:—"And that B. & O., without a draw-bar, behind the caboose?"

FIRST B.:—"That's what."

CONDR.:—"And the leaky C. & N. W.?"

FIRST B.:—"Second from the engine."

CONDR.:—"When you come back at Trestle Creek, Bill, get the south side seals; I was jollyng up the chambermaid at our hotel and am a bit behind this morning. I'll in here now to see if cocky's got a clearance for us."

*(Enters depot.)*

FIRST B.:—"Old Prob's up there's flying his snow signal; wouldn't be surprised if we had to run for it this trip."

SECOND B.:—"Be like our luck to stick a week, same's we did a year ago."

FIRST B.:—"Right you are, me boy, but we'll take't as't comes. Old Allen says we're too afraid of work—the cuss."

*(Enter Condr. with clearance.)*

CONDR.:—"Here you are now, Bill; hustle over to the engine; tell Hank to let her go and not to save on steam nor sand. If she don't go in the ditch we'll reach New York by five o'clock or bust our guts a-trying it."

SECOND B.:—"All right, sir."

CONDR.:—"Tell 'm we've right of track to Big Marsh Crossing and he needn't stop to register at High Grade Hill either. If old Dispatcher Pinhead don't lay us out at Junction City, or think of some more empty cars he wants turned end for end, we'll make it good enough."

SECOND B.:—"All right, all right, here we goes."

*(Exit Brakeman.)*

CONDR.:—"I swear it's getting worse right straight along; last trip, what with horsing here and horsing there; eight boxes sizzling hot and burning; engine leaking, and washouts on the line, we were good three hours late at noon. On top of that, hope to die, if he didn't blow out a cylinder head. Consequences was—we got to bed at four o'clock a. m. And, still, they want to know why we can't make time—bah!"

*(Re-enter First Brakeman.)*



FIRST B.:—"Farmer out here wants to get through the crossing—says our train is blocking it."

CONDR.:—"O, hell! Tell 'm just as soon as God'll let us make up this train, we're going to get out of this."

FIRST B.:—"I did; he doesn't care for that, he says; only wants to get his horses through to town or he'll swear out warrants."

CONDR.:—"Swear 'n be damned to hell! We won't open it; we're going to pull out in three minutes. Tell 'm so. (*Ex. First B.*) People think a railroad's greater'n Almighty Providence itself; when our train was stalled in snow drifts high's a house, I've had men threaten suit for damages to business on account of their delay; men otherwise intelligent too. It makes me sick, when they know we're doing all that flesh can do and want to get on ourselves full as badly as they think they do."

(*Re-enter First Brakeman.*)

FIRST B.:—"Yes, but the jury'd allow them damage all the samee."

CONDR.:—"Of course—soak it to the railroads, damn 'em!—no jury but considers that a duty which left undone would undo them."

(*Soldiers and others come forward.*)

FIRST GENT.:—"Now, Eddie, take care of yourself; send us frequent word of where you are and how it goes."

SECOND GENT.:—"Yes, remember we shall fondly hang upon your letters—as lovers do, and o'er your absence dote, as a mother nightly setting lamp lights on the window sill to homeward guide her missing boy."

THIRD GENT.:—"Aye, aye, be not so chary of speaking, son. Let us hear your tongue's familiar tones much as may be in these last few moments. Speak, and give us your good right hand's grip."

FIRST SOLDIER.:—"I cannot find my voice; way down somewhere in my throat it sticks. But give me your hands—take it out in feeling pressure that firmly clings, yet still is strong to part."

FIRST GENT.:—"Three years! they are quickly passed; then we all shall meet again."



THIRD GENT.:—"My heart misgives me—days, weeks, months of woe confine in quick succession changes that should be out-sprinkled over half a lifetime. I'm faint and sick!"

FIRST S.:—"Bear you up, father—for my sake do it. Farewell! farewell! We must die once; here or there that may happen. But it's given me to come safe home, be you all here to greet, and hear my army life experiences."

SECOND SOLDIER:—"So now good-by! Write me at the front of all the news haps here and I will let you hear from me there."

FIRST WOMAN:—"I surely will. Good luck to you in war, my dear!"

SECOND SOLDIER:—"The same to you at home! And so, so-long." (*Embrace.*)

SECOND WOMAN:—"O, John, I cannot bear it—cannot bear it! Your return will find me dead, I'm sure; if, indeed, you ever do come more."

THIRD SOLDIER:—"There, there, little woman! You'll be brave I know—look to my belongings; show your good housekeeping, and tend the old people nicely—trust no one, but keep your own and increase it if you may. All will be well and we'll be happy when my soldier service 's over."

SECOND WOMAN:—"Oh no, no, do not leave me—don't."

THIRD S.:—"Be brave, be brave, I must—with this kiss are you sealed till I come back."

CONDR.:—"All-ll aboard-d-d!"

(*Soldiers go to train. O'Brien puts his head out of depot bay-window.*)

SECOND WOMAN:—"Oh-h-h—"

FIRST WOMAN:—"Great God, bring him safely home again! I could weep and wail, but he shall not see me so. (*Soldiers sing as train pulls out.*)

(*Song.*)

Farewell ladies, farewell ladies,  
Farewell ladies, we must leave you now;  
Farewell ladies, farewell ladies,  
Farewell ladies, do not break your vow.

(*Enter J. L. and Gene, running.*)

GENE:—"Hey! Hey! We will along! (*Condr. applies rear brake.*) Come on, Puff-wind, a little longer; we'll make it all right!" (*They board the train—Gene shakes finger at O'Brien.*) "Have a care, Cocky, don't interfere with my pre-emptions. I'm coming back to settle up with you."

(*O'Brien jumps out window.*)

O'BRIEN:—"Go talk to your uncle in the moon, whisky-face, but don't try it on me!"

(*People wave handkerchiefs after train. O'Brien skids trunks and boxes from platform into depot.*)

O'BRIEN:—"This boosting, tugging job,—late hours, early rising rawhiding of railroading in general wouldn't hold me long, I can tell you,—but my best girl lives here in Willowdale. That makes me very humble, but strong; equally patient, but rich; all at one and the same time. Since becoming gratiate in her good grace there's some color to life."

(*Enter Dulcinea.*)

DULCINEA:—"Was that the afternoon mail that left?"

O'BRIEN:—"No, the mail's not due yet. 'Twas an extra combination with soldiers going South."

DUL.:—"Why should you work so hard and fast? Can't you get some help on all this pile of goods? If you'll sit down a while I'll carry smaller pieces in."

O'B.:—"I should smile, indeed! I'd rather break my back than sit and watch you do it."

DUL.:—"I'm not so fragile as you think, but can truck as well as you."

O'B.:—"In good time you shall prove it, dear. But stand you by. I'm nearly done. O'Connor's rum, and

Taggart's feed, and Major Durthie's baggage'll finish it. So you be near all work becomes as play to me."

DUL.:—"Are you sure, then, you love me?"

O'B.:—"Oh, by all that I am or ever hope to be, you're all that holds me out of chaos up to any kind of centredness of thought and purpose, therefore, so much the more I value you."

DUL.:—"Well, then, it's all right, so keep you faithful, and we escape the dirty work of Eugene Thoden."

O'B.:—"Why—why—your words and manner chill my heart."

DUL.:—"So mine is chilled. I am aweary of 's persistent ogling, and terror makes me fear our future's peace and safety."

O'B.:—"Damn! An' I get at him once, he's mashed to jelly! Hold up but a little, girl. Here, his father's powerful, but when we're married I'll fix the puppy. I'll do it though I have to get another job—there's plenty. He's gone down to the city today."

DUL.:—"Well, then, I feel better now. After all, leave him leer, I'll sharpen my wits to put him out of face and—so thus good-by till after tea." (*Embrace. Exeunt.*)

## CURTAIN.

### ACT II., SCENE II.

(*New York City, a street. Enter Justin, Jacobs and crowd of laborers.*)

JACOBS:—"Justin, why should we? We'll not pull their chestnuts out'n the fire."

JUSTIN:—"No, for then we'd be shorn as lambs."

JACOBS:—"I mean, an' they force the draft we'll be with the anti's."

JUSTIN:—"Now you're on your tootsy,—stick to the boys, old man."

JACOBS:—"I'm a devil, an' I get started."

JUSTIN:—"But slow of wrath and turgid,—backing up and down your hod of brick and mortar,—moiling late and early for a poor, dry living, whilst the chosen few, behind these gilded fronts, skin the government and work the nation's bonds to private gain."

CHORUS:—"Hear! Hear! A speech, Justin, a speech!"

JUSTIN:—"Why this *is* my speech! Manipulating paper credit; preying on distressed times; with a stroke of ink one of these fine fellows makes more than all we standing here can earn by life-long sweat and cares. Shall we, then, who stand to be in worse domain than niggers, go enlist and offer up our blood that they——"

(*Enter police.*)

FIRST POLICE:—"Move on, here—move on—disperse! This is not to be allowed. There's danger brewing."

JACOBS:—"To hell with ye, fat fool! Yot bet there's danger here. Since when are voters of New York denied free rights of speech? To hell with ye! We'll not move on, I say."

CHORUS:—"Damn the police! Stone the police! We'll not move on!"

(*They fight.*)

(*Enter Capt. Maginnis.*)

MAGINNIS:—"Now, now, what's this? Take them all to central, men."

JUSTIN:—"We want our rights, Mister Governor's Aide."

MAGINNIS:—"Oh, you skunk and popinjay! come here with hair in curl and perfumed scent to flout at decent men. Get you gone (*strikes him*); eat city soup a while (*cuffs him*); pound city rock a month (*kicks him*).

(*Exeunt police, driving mob out.*)

(*Enter J. L. and Gene.*)

J. L.:—"To it, pro; at 'em, anti! Why, Gene, there's stirring times in Knickerbocker town. How the devils fought, but they proved too many for 'em, I'll warrant.

They'll all be up in court tomorrow morning for ten or twenty-five apiece."

GENE:—"So they ought, the asses. Let them tend their work and leave the better class alone."

J. L.:—"Better! Whose better, Gene?"

GENE:—"Why, we men of means and power in the world's affairs."

J. L.:—"Aye, you're right, you rogue; you've early learned the trick of great expectations fair in view. When pater kindly shuffles off there's few young men will have so neat a thing as you."

GENE:—"In one way good enough, I'll allow. But all's embittered by one damned pill—you know there's Dulseinea hobnobbing with O'Brien."

J. L.:—"I never knew a man content. Has he this? Has he that? There's always something just beyond his reach that puts all else to scorn. Boy! where are you at? What's Dulseie? A pie-faced lass than whom ten hundred in this good city odds could give and discount seventy-five per cent.—in what? In looks, in bearing, in marks for breeding better stock of sons, in social skill, in all, in everything—and still we sigh and call it bitter pill because we think she will not you."

GENE:—" 'Taint that so much—the boys you know—I've sworn to cut him out."

J. L.:—"Ah, pique! jealousy! ego! what you will! When you've lived so long as I and been so often flamborgasted, Gene, you won't feel like this. You couldn't if you would. But here's Daly's, gay as usual. Let's in and see what we can strike."

*(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter Maginnis and Chief of Police.)*

MAGINNIS:—"No, chief, you can't be too peremp-tory; watch your disreputable places sharply and keep the agitators off the streets. The governor recognizes the ticklishness of the situation and intends to be here in person, full as much as at Albany. The state guards are at your service whenever needed. If that don't do, Lincoln's promised to send some of those strong Western

volunteer regiments. Those are the boys I warrant you'll clear these streets within a jiffy; there's no sentimental nonsense there about spilling free-born voters' blood, I can tell you that. Now, let's stroll on; we'll around through Central Park and back to take a quiet peep in Mr. Daly's Palace later on."

(*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II., SCENE III.

(*Room in Daly's. J. L., Gene, Jay and Green gambling.*)

GENE:—"Gosh! I've got the hecups."

J. L.:—"She-cups, you mean."

GENE:—"Damn this stuffy hole! I'm tired of sitting already—another round and we'll call 't off, eh?"

J. L.:—"Yes, I'm sick on't too; hurry up! deal the cards."

JAY:—"No siree, as I was saying, gentlemen; cold decks don't go where I'm playing. Not by a long shot."

GREEN:—"Damn it.—I ante, anyway; 'tis no more than I've been doing all this while; ante up! stay with you! and never took a pot; poor hands have bluffed me, good hands beat me—wish I'd never learned the game."

J. L.:—"You didn't. Well, Mr. Jay, are you in or not? Don't dally all the time, please."

JAY (*slaps discard down*):—"Yes, go ahead! Give me three."

J. L.:—"How many, Mr. Green?"

GREEN:—"One."

JAY:—"Oh hell! I ain't in it. An' I'd a bug here, though, I'd play you fellows to a finish."

GENE:—"Never lose your courage. The ups and downs of luck, you know."

GREEN:—"Take it! My ante's gone again. What are those three next cards if I'd drawn four?"

J. L.:—"Oh fudge, on your post-mortem hands! What's the good of them?"



JAY:—"Well, let's have another jack pot Green: then, if luck don't change, we've a bellyful of city life for these next ten years."

J. L.:—"All right, one more and quit, it is. Your deal, sir."

GREEN:—"A jack for a double-X apiece?"

J. L.:—"Very well, anything to suit the company. That's one good point of the game; the loser's will is law; will he continue playing—will he quit? The others can't object."

JAY:—"Can't."

J. L.:—"Can't."

GREEN:—"Can't."

GENE:—"Dealer dassent."

J. L.:—"Raise her X?"

GREEN:—"Go ahead; big haul or bust!"

JAY:—"Cards, gents?"

J. L.:—"Pat."

GREEN:—"Ha-ha! One."

GENE:—"Three."

JAY:—"I take two."

J. L.:—"She's open, gents, for an even hundred to give you all a chance."

GREEN:—"Ha-ha! There's your hundred and an even hundred better."

JAY:—"What! You haven't?"

GREEN:—"Yes I have; 'tis safe enough."

GENE:—"You're talky, lads. I drop——"

J. L.:—"Ahem!"

GENE:—"I drop my hand a moment to investigate my purse. Um-m,—yes, I stay."

JAY:—"It's too altogether, altogether for me.—I'm out."

J. L.:—"Well, Mr. Green, there's your hundred, and I raise 't a hundred more."



GREEN:—"I see you."

J. L.:—"You're hoarse, caddy."

GENE:—"Well—I see you both and raise't a——"

GREEN:—"A show-down, gents, for God's sake, give me a show-down; my money's all!"

GENE:—"No——"

J. L.:—"Yes, yes, let 'm have his show-down. What ye got?"

GREEN:—"Four little aces. There!"

J. L.:—"Hold on—hold on—not so fast!—a royal flush here. There!"

GREEN:—"Good — good — it's good! I'm lost. I'm——" (*Falls.*)

JAY:—"He's fainted. This last was his employer's money. He's ruined."

J. L.:—"The more fool he."

(*Feels Green's heart, raises and lets fall arm.*)

"God, he's dead! Come, Gene, away!—Take this hundred, you, to help to get the body home."

GENE:—"No, no, give him all—I'm going back for Duleinea and don't want this throwed up at me. Yes! here! give it me! I will have 't so.—There! there's all your money!"

(*Exeunt Gene and J. L.*)

JAY:—"Bill, rouse up! ye can't be dead, and yet—and yet—he is—he is! Here in this Belial's town. What to do, and the money gone.—No; the money's here:—Bill's gone! and such a way. O, what'll Parson Dole, and all the congregation, say? I can't face them, I can't—that's flat. I've a mind to run away—express you home long with a note, and then to—to—then to war! That's it! I will! I will! I will! Farewell, Bill, my village chum. Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

(*Exit Jay.*)

(*Re-enter J. L.*)

J. L.:—"S friend's skedaddled and left the body.

This'll make a stink for sure. Methinks I see headlines printed large and black: 'Another death in gambling dens. Virtuous young men enticed—' and all that. I bought, a year ago, a substitute, and paid for him. Yet now I'm going to volunteer to Uncle Sam for nothing. Mayhaps 'tis healthier south than here,—for me. To what foolish end did I so skimp and save to stay back home? Why do we ever thus labor, strain and exercise our ingenuity to so prevent some feared catastrophe? Ten to one 'tis no catastrophe at all, but something for our final good. I'm afflicted with a sort of wisdom's after-thought. I'm a dolt and always was since left I off my mother's dug. What got I for my substitute? Divers sprees with drunken boys, a dozen costly trips to this gay Gotham. Political prospects past all revival ruined and—now Gene's give the money back. Martha'll miss me for lack of some one to talk at, but that is all. I'll go, I'll go, I'll go!"

(Exit J. L.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II., SCENE IV.

(Willowdale. A road. Enter Gene.)

GENE:—"This is the hour, and this the corner. She can go no other way; I'll wait. God! how I shake; sometimes there's black specks before my eyes and my heart almost chokes me. O, what is it? What is it? I ought to have taken a good bracer of brandy sour-mash.—O, mother, above, there's something wrong in life! If you'd lived, I feel 'twould have been better.—Stay. Steady. She comes." (Enter *Dulcinea*.) "Dulcie, Dulcie, my love, I was waiting here for you."

DULCINEA:—"Why—O, how you startled me!—You look like a ghost or a pursued deserter. Which is it?"

GENE:—"Oh, Dulcie, 'tis on account of you; I am dissipating day and night and cannot eat nor sleep."

DULCINEA:—"On my account, indeed. What have I done?"

GENE:—" 'Tis said that you are sweet upon the operator."

DULCINEA:—"Oh fie! a young man without a cent."

GENE:—"But why do you write to him? and talk to him? and walk with him o' evenings?"

DULCINEA:—"Ah me (*sighs*); yes, why?"

GENE:—"Dulcie, do you love him?"

DULCINEA:—"Gene, I'm afraid I do; it gives me such delicious feelings when he looks at me."

GENE:—"Curse you, then; you shan't enjoy him."

DULCINEA:—"What do you mean?"

GENE:—"I mean that I am desperate. Say that you'll never speak to him again; that you'll only think of me; swear this—or die."

DULCINEA:—"Help! Help! A madman!"

GENE:—"There's your help. (*Stabs her.*) Now squawk and have delicious feelings and——" (*See blood on his hands, drops her and runs out.*)

DULCINEA:—"Oh I'm not fit to die. I——" (*Dies.*)

(*Enter Martha.*)

MARTHA:—"I heard a call, and saw that drunkard running, and knew there's something up. (*Examines body.*) Dead! Quite dead! Poor child in all her silliness! I told Job Larson how 'twould end. For her, 'tis better so; for life has little good in store for weaklings such as she.—Lie you here, dearie, till I can help secure. Job Larson shall never hear the last of this while my tongue has power to make him hear."

(*Exit.*)

## CURTAIN.

### ACT II., SCENE V.

(*Tom's Saloon. Tom cleaning decanters. Enter Gene hurriedly.*)

GENE:—"Whisky, Tom; for God's sake a glass of whisky!"

TOM:—"Well, then, here. How now? What's up?"

Man, you look the spook clear through! What do you peer around the corners of the room for? Another? 'Tain't snakes, is it? You're not that bad, I say? By your face, the devil's got his grip on you."

GENE:—"It may be, that may well be. Look here, and here—here—here! Blood! Blood! All blood! O, give me another; shove the bottle here; let me drink and drown my thoughts—aye, and senses, memory, life, and all—all; let me drink and die.—I've done it, Tom! I've killed her.—God! how it spouted on me like a fountain!"

TOM:—"What did? What did?"

GENE:—"Duleinea's blood from out her panting little heart. It didn't strike me home till then,—and then; Oh, I dropped her and run—run; but you can't run away from them. Still can I see and hear them."

TOM:—"Who? Where?"

GENE:—"Imps of hell within my brain. Tom, I can't wipe this blood off; you can't imagine how it sticks. Oh, Tom, our good times all are past. Oh-h there's not a hope left for me."

TOM:—"I should say not. So you've killed that little girl! O, you fool—fool, fool! I doubt if your father can save you this time. Gene, I wouldn't be in your shoes for double over all the money that he owns."

MOSE:—(*Outside*) "I saw him run in here and Widow Martha saw him do the deed. Get you in and take him; I'll stay back; I'd rather lose my dinner than come face to face upon him now."

GENE:—"Tom, hide me somewhere, anywhere in some dark place. No, not dark; leave a light for I'm afeared. Conceal me well so none can find me."

TOM:—"Sh-h. They're coming. Get through that door instanter—quick—don't make any noise; you've been a good customer to me, and I'll help you if I can."

(*Exit Gene, enter officers.*)

TOM:—"Now the imps blast you black—wouldst have it past closing hour again?"

FIRST OFFICER:—"Something more'n that, Flashy, and there's others coming too."

TOM:—"Found another drunk to saddle on to me? Why don't you go where they get full?"

FIRST OFFICER:—"Look here, Leary, I believe you know what we want. We want Gene Thoden—I mean it. Remember you're not in gilt-edge reputation now."

TOM:—"Well then, take'm; I can't afford to get myself in trouble—he's in there."

GENE:—(*Appearing*)—"And there's a bastard brand of friendship with the varnish off. Here am I, gents."

FIRST OFFICER:—"Well, you're in for it now, but that's the best way to take it, quiet and easy, go along with us; then we'll not have to use you rough."

GENE:—"Just one favor, gentlemen; let me get the bottle filled to take along, otherwise I shall go mad, I know it."

FIRST OFFICER:—"Well, let 'm have it; he'll need something bad enough before this is over—Hurry, Tom, a bad job's best, when quickly done you know—now come along—away! 'Tis awful when our little town such scenes as this should know."

## CURTAIN.

### ACT III, SCENE I.

(*New York City. A Street. Enter J. L. and Guy.*)

J. L.:—"Say you so; that Gene went home and killed the girl because she wouldn't marry him? I swear I can't believe it—it don't seem possible. And now he lies in jail with death sentence o'er his head—well, well, well!"

GUY:—"Poor fellow—'tis all too true. I'm on my way now to try and intercede for him. Half an hour ago we sent ahead a long petition to the governor. Sentiment veered around up there in Willowdale since the first excitement cooled down, and all the people join in asking for his liberty—but ha'nt you seen it in the papers?"

J. L.:—"No, no. Since that chap died in Daly's private room I've been lying low and didn't read the papers.

I'm enlisted now and have a company. We're to start south tomorrow and join with Hooker's force before the end of the week. Jeffries, Flynn, Jacobs and others of the boys are going too.

GUY:—"I say, you appear fine in these military togs; how happens it you look so well?"

J. L.:—"I took medicine—'twas advertised on the bill boards, and cured me up in three weeks pat."

GUY:—"Well, come along with me to Governor House. Lets say our piece to help poor Gene; then, if they'll take me, hanged if I don't go long with you's to war."

J. L.:—"Nough said! Never fear on that score. The Governor's worried and 'u'd probably pardon all in Sing Sing if that 'u'd fill this latest draft."

GUY:—"Come on, then, come on! for I can hardly wait to don blue clothes with bright brass buttons."

(*Exeunt.*)

#### CURTAIN.

#### ACT III. SCENE II.

(*N. Y. A Room in the Governor's house. Enter Victoria, Captain Maginnis.*)

VICTORIA:—"Shall fickle men so play with hearts? If your burning love for dear Gloria glows no longer, conceal it deep, I beg of you, while still she's ignorant. Do not let your falseness show in every move you make, nor in all your general manner. Not to uselessly condemn yourself is justifiable, indeed, 'twere rather pardonable to use prevarication, making protestations of great regard although 'twere really otherwise."

MAGINNIS:—"Help you me, Victoria, to do that which is right. I would all kindness, all politeness, all consideration show to her. But there I'd end; my heart rebels 'gainst everything looking for anything more than that. Being so, what's to do? All my homage bows to you; all my joy is thoughts on you; all my dreams of future hold you in the fore-ground, the life of all that's there. Do not ruin me, then. O, dear girl! by banish-



ment to drear existence in your cousin's unloved company. Don't you see?—better for her, better for me, to break off now, to straighten crooks, than thus continue in the errors of our way?"

VICTORIA:—"The argument of selfishness and weaknesses,—nothing else."

MAGINNIS:—"Of weaknesses yes, but they are part of life itself; but not selfishness, say rather self-preservation, to which in last extremity all of us come. My fate's been shown to me. My good angel's in your eyes I should be other thing than man did not I strive to gain it."

VICTORIA:—"Oh, rather say you've donned new clothes and sally forth on fresher mischief bent. You should be ashamed, 'tis not manly to act so."

MAG:—"As God hears me! as the blue Heavens bend above the earth! 'tis truth, living breathing truth. You are my better half or I'll have none."

VICT.:—"You mean my cousin is, but were I her I wouldn't, knowing you from this."

GOV. N. Y.:—(*outside*)—"Maginnis."

MAGINNIS:—"Aye, aye, I come.—Tell her so, tell her so, dear! and you'll be mine, and she'll be mated to some other one like us. Don't fail me." (*Exit Mag.*)

VICTORIA:—"She doesn't care a wisp for him, but whether she knows that or not is more than I can tell. At any rate, 'tis safer to keep him in the dark as yet." (*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter Maginnis with Governor.*)

GOV.:—"I find by this petition, signed by jury, judge and hundreds of his townsmen, they don't want young Gene Thoden hanged after all. A term in prison, at the most, they say, would be sufficient punishment."

MAG.:—"No doubt, immediate use of the pardoning power would strike them favorably at this moment; though, should you comply, you can't tell what they'd say and do about it later on."

GOV.:—"There's the hitch! the fickle public's weather-cocked opinions! We never know, in political life, Mag.:



Shall we find the voters here or find them there on next election day. But, here comes his friend to further urge the case (*Enter Guy*). Well, sir, we've run the papers through and were just discussing them.—How's the young man bearing up?"

GUY:—"Better than might have been expected, sir. We've got the whisky out his brain and he is penitent. You must know, sir: I come, not only as a friend, but to represent his stricken father's person. The proud old man is downed and sees too late the errors of his ways; the boy's not been reared to brook with opposition nor to gracefully receive afflictions, and bear up steadily alike under fortune's smiles or frowns: No; not these, but quite the contrary have been his chiefest traits of character. His mother died when he was young and his father, a purse-proud Philistine of business, handsomely supplied the lad with spending money, thinking that was doing all. His character was left to form itself or rather so with help of servants and acquaintance more or less pernicious. Never's he before been vicious-bad, but headstrong and full of self, not being by his elders trained to sense of human limitations: all his sins, except to himself, were rather pranks and cuttings up until this girl got in his heart and raised a jealous fever there. Even now I scarcely think he realizes his position sore. Oh, governor, think of such an hapless ending to what might have been a useful life and heed your petitioners' prayer. Think of that old man in his last days thus seeing all his industry cursed, with nothing left to life but bitter gall and wormwood! Be not less merciful than those kind neighbors who've here signed themselves in his behalf. Grant this; give Gene his freedom and they and all of theirs shall be your debtors without end or scope."

GOV.:—"Providence send afflictions which we cannot always understand; teaching the immutable laws of Heaven, if not to ourselves, yet still to others. We live our day and pass away and time's tide of events nor waits nor stays.—A thousand years but as a day. Wherefore, then, attempt to stem the course of fate? Who knows but out of seeming evil comes a far-off good?"

GUY:—"I cannot understand; the gloomy events of these days makes my mind confused."

GOV.:—"To be plain and honest; as governor, I'm on my oath to serve the people as a whole; enforce the laws approved to be our safeguards. Sometimes, 'tis true, their weight falls heavily upon afflicted men but in justice to all we dare not let extenuation stand in the way of righteous execution."

GUY:—"Ah, but others do it! has not the power been given for a purpose? Or would you say 'tis but for show? How many pardons by how many governors since time began! See—by that paper in your hands! Even who condemned him think his present punishment is fit; that clemency now were not out of place."

GOV.:—"We all know what a petition means—nothing: some sign for this reason, some for that, but most because 'tis cheaper than to refuse."

GUY:—"Is this all, then, to a haggard, waiting, father?"

GOV.:—"I'm sorry that 'tis so, 'tis not the man that speaks but the governor."

GUY:—"I've spoken to the man; another waits below and bid me say, if I failed, he would implore an audience with the Governor."

GOV.:—"Well, let 'm come up; though it must be useless." (*Exit Guy.*)

GOV.:—"A miserable case, but what can I do; fathers would have me palliate the injuries brought upon their offspring through their own neglect in by-gone years."

MAG.:—"I've seen this youngster; he never knew what discipline was. Up there in Willowdale his sire's position opened every door and furnished keys to whatso'er he fancied; never laboring; never facing a responsibility; he's grown up animal-like—sensible only of the lower faculties. Now to quit his other mentor. He comes—"

(*Enter J. L.*)

GOV.:—"Good morning, Mr. Larson, I believe we've met before."

J. L.:—"So we have. I thank you for remembering it. Of course you know why I've come?"

GOV.:—"Too well, I think—personally, gladly would I grant the pardon but it won't do—the laws must be fulfilled."

J. L.:—"Huh! 'twouldn't be the first time."

GOV.:—"No!—what then?"

J. L.:—"Do't again for us. The crime was not pre-meditated. The boy is young and was shaken of drink when he committed it. Give him a chance and let 'm go to war. An' eternal justice wills his death She can shie a rebel bullet through him. 'S father's county committee chairman up there at home."

GOV.:—"Urge me not, worthy sir; I'll be bound I make example of it were his father chairman of the parties' state organization itself. The laws; the people; must be granted right to guide this ship and be upholden in't by me, their servant."

MAGINNIS:—"State of New York; County of Kings.—"

GOV.:—"Aye, so it goes; we're limited, tied down, and fastened with legal phrases mathematical in their exactitude; yet, still they'd have us break them when they're in trouble; coming with plausible amplifications o' God-given mercy; begging relief for bursting hearts and whitened hairs down trodden with grief and shame. So far, all right; but after that the reckoning comes for me alone. —Without compunction, the thousand-mouthed press bandies and tosses back and forth, our name: Slurs, with all the venom they possess, our kindest, best intentioned actions. None, who've not tried it, Larson, can guess the difficulties of so conducting this office as will still retain the people's good opinion."

J. L.:—"You mean the voter's good opinion—don't you? but never mind that, its all one and the same thing—but are not you the governor?—none else? Decide you, then, like a man. Fear none but God."

GOV.:—"As you say. My better judgment tells me this youth should pay the penalty of sin."

J. L.:—"You've said it! you'll want friends betimes yourself."

GOV.:—"I fear none but God.

J. L.:—"So say you now, but wait till another campaign's coming on. Do the needful in this or you'll be sorry. That's what I say. I bid you kind good day."

GOV.:—"Good day, good day, Mr. Larson."

*(Exit J. L.)*

—"A hornet's nest! a pretty mess! Shall I pardon him or not, Maginnis?"

MAGINNIS:—"Well, I dunno; there's been worse done."

GOV.:—"Tomorrow morning is the time. I'll go and smoke a pipe upon it. I'll see you later if I decide to act."

*(Exeunt severally.)*

## CURTAIN.

### ACT III., SCENE III.

*(Willowdale Telegraph office lighted with lumps.)*

*(O'Brien discovered sitting.)*

O'BRIEN:—"So stay I here in dull routine a little longer; all work and no play; freight in, freight out; cash book and tickets; wires commercial and O. S.; but 'tis nearly over. Dulcie lies underneath the weeping willows, embraced in cold and mildewed earth; she doesn't hear the purling brook so near her resting place, nor note's she that grassy greenness o' early summer that once was her delight. How the wires sing in the darkness! 't must be changing weather somewhere up the line.—I never noticed it before, but it seems as though they sound a requiem for her and to my strained and broken heart's lost hopes. God! God! God! Why do we live? Is't only to lose—to lose and grieve while sick and faint at soul for that which can never come again? Oh, is it well or is it evil? these fires that come to purify our minds? sometimes, do they even more, burning out the life of men and leaving hollow empty shells where once was all the fullness of content. Buried; she's buried; and her spirit's on the other shore.

Shall I meet her there? I've little hope; I'm off the beaten track, and she—was earthy—Tomorrow, Thoden swings! Nothing can save him now! Once, I was a little afraid, but all their work and worth has come to naught; nothing can save him now. I'll be there and catch his eye with sneers; I'll embitter the wretched coward's end with taunts; I'll—Ha! a call—

(*Works key and takes message, with breaks*)—

“Now, Hell, hear this: (*reads*)—Executive Mansion, 14th: To Squires, Sheriff, Willowdale:—Postpone indefinitely execution of Eugene Thoden. Full pardon papers follow by tomorrow's mail, signed:

“The Governor of the State of New York.

“This—is this to be the end? Shall worms feed on Dulcie's tender flesh while he goes free? No; ten thousand times no! Why—I can write a better wire than that—Crumpled, lie you there (*throws message*). Now—a blank—(*writes*). There! Justice, justice, hear thou this: (*reads*)

“Executive Mansion, 14th. To Squires, Sheriff, Willowdale: Proceed on time with Thoden's execution. I will not interfere with the just and proper sentence hanging o'er his head. Signed:

“The Governor of the State of New York.

“Now to deliver; the time grows short. Old office! run yourself a while! What care I? Come calls, or breaks, or wrecks or what not. I've other things to steer the way they ought to go!”

(*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III., SCENE IV.

(*New York Governor's bed-chamber. Governor making morning toilet.*)

GOVERNOR:—To-day I'm going to complete arrangements for another regiment to get away on Friday. Hanged if 'taint one after t'other and no show for an end. Blamed



if I believe the rebels ever will surrender and if 'twasn't for Gloria and Victoria, damme, I'd resign and take a trip to Europe. There's lots think they could play Governor better'n me—an' I dunno but they could, I dunno but they could,—but those confounded fiery girls would scorn me if I'd quit. One good thing—that murder case is settled and Thoden, right or wrong, is free. Come in—(*Enter Maginnis*) how now, what's up?

MAGINNIS (*throwing down newspapers*):—"Governor, good morning, fine morning, happy morning! Everything's up; Oh, I tell you, we're right in the swim; thou most upright governor of the times! the most——"

GOV.:—"Maginnis, impart your meanings instantly to me."

MAG.:—"Why Thoden's hanged and you're high champion of justice."

GOV.:—"What? Thoden hanged? how come't? tell me more!"

MAG.:—"Why of course, this was the date set, you know, and as I came here; on the cars; through the streets; in the offices; all over; without stint, I find the people all commendative of you; seemingly relieved, as though they had been roused from out their cynicism of belief in pulls political, and money's base corrupting power, into a surprised appreciation of the morally sound foundation in their government. Here are extras of all the papers which I brought along with me. These thousands now are reading, you may be sure, with most attentive eyes."

GOV.:—"I am struck! I'm stunned! What say they?"

MAG.:—"That the unexpected happens; that it sometimes snows in summer; one, hints of a mistake; another, insinuates the women of your family took up the poor girl's cause; but all, even the opposition, credit you a stiffer backbone than anyone believed before, for everybody figured you'd surely succumb to the strong influence in his favor."

GOV.:—"Hm-m—let's see—let me see. O, I can't think—can't balance myself, Maginnis!"

MAG.:—"Yes?"

GOV.:—"Willowdale's a telegraphic point."

MAG.:—"Yes?"

GOV.:—"There's an operator there."

MAG.:—"Yes?"

GOV.:—"That fellow, whoe'er he is, was the girl's fiancée."

MAG.:—"Well?"

GOV.:—"Oh, you're dumb! Damn it Mag, I wired the boy's reprieve up there last night."

MAG.:—"Whew-w-w——you—a pretty mess, indeed."

GOV.:—"I see a ray of light!"

MAG.:—"Where? where? show it me!"

GOV.:—"Don't get funny now—see here. If he's suppressed the message or something of the kind, is it likely he would blab about it? Then, if not, all we've got to do is to see him before he does. Get you up to Willowdale. Corner, but do not frighten him. Tell 'm good tidings from me—tell 'm mums the word, that there's a change in the aspect of the case and there's good advancement for him in view."

MAG.:—"I'm on! I go! I fly with the wind! Depend on me, all will be well."

*(Exit Mag.)*

GOV.:—"I hope it may, I hope it may, Damn the case; damn the people, anyway. If they approve him hanged, why the devil sign petitions by the yard and mile? Now to interview the Western Union here and fix their files for future reference."

CURTAIN.

ACT III., SCENE V.

*(N. Y. A Street. Enter Maginnis and O'Brien.)*

MAGINNIS:—"Yes, my boy, it means more than you can possibly imagine till time proves the wisdom of my words. 'Tis not only hope's renewal, but a life under so much more advantageous circumstances as not to be at



all comparable with what you've known before. Think of 't! A chance to do and dare; a chance for fame, position, heroism and usefulness,—doesn't not fire you up a little bit?"

O'BRIEN:—"Spasmodically, yes; but I tell you grief is physical as well as sentimental, and bodies can't revive like spirits."

MAGINNIS:—"Thanks to youth, in your case that will righten out itself; without intending it, you gave the governor a most almighty lift at a very critical time and he wants to reward you for it. He's a man that don't forget his friends. I've been with him a year and am going to the front myself tomorrow. You shall be aide on dough-ty Hancock's staff and envied of all less fortunate fellows."

O'BRIEN:—"Well, do with me as you will and understand my thanks are heartfelt, though seem they cold and listless. Life is staled on me and could I do service before I croaked 'twere not entirely vain!"

MAGINNIS:—"Oh, ho! my lad, that's right; we'll have you singing different tunes once your blood begins a-tingling to the glory of our cause. Come on, come on! the governor 'll be overjoyed with this."

(*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III., SCENE VI.

(*New York. Room in Governor's House. Governor and O'Brien discovered.*)

GOV.:—"I don't mind admitting to you, O'Brien, that I'm very happy this has turned out so nicely (*Enter Gloria.*)—But here's my daughter!—Gloria, entertain this gentleman till I return. Give 'm jocosse memories to take to war; here's the paper with his name and charge; prod him briskly, spare him not, poor fellow, he needs it bad enough I fear. I must confer a bit with Maginnis."

(*Ex. Gov.*)

GL.:—"I fear me too, Mr. ——— (*reads*) Harry O'Brien—a sorry soldier you will be."

O'B.:—"Very like."

GL.:—"A soldier must a good stomach; you seem dyspeptic."

O'B.:—"Um-m, well I am."

GL.:—"And a good heart; yours is cracked."

O'B.:—"Ha! think you?"

GL.:—"And cholerie spirit; yours is humble, broken."

O'B.:—"That's partly true; I've some left though."

GL.:—"Show 't then; abuse me, when I take you up so sharply."

O'B.:—"How shall I commence?"

GL.:—"Your wits should teach you."

O'B.:—"Well, then; you're red-headed."

GL.:—"I'm not; my hair is auburn."

O'B.:—"Faugh! 'tis red; your nose 's snubby."

GL.:—" 'Tis not."

O'B.:—"Your hands are freckled, your shoulders narrow, your hips are broad, your foot's too long, your bust is large, your ears small, your teeth are sharp, you—"

GL.:—"Why, sir, you run a race! I wouldn't have believed it. What on earth do father and your appearance mean by telling me you're a poor sick hearted gentleman?"

O'B.:—"You said, abuse, yourself; but keep it up, continue on I beg of you, when not engaged; I'm awful down in mouth, I tell you."

GL.:—"Say you so? Then would you die of solitude."

O'B.:—" 't well might be."

GL.:—"God keep you of that mood for then 'twere safe for a lady to speak with you."

O'B.:—"Mean you 'tis not ever so? Why lady, I am but the spook of man; a walking shadow; dead, but not yet buried. Behold in me what one refused of death can pass into and still exist!"

GL.:—"Oh, make not such eyes at me, I'm impervious;

have you lost your heart? 'Twill grow again; have friends deserted; there are others; has money taken wings! New fortunes are quickly won; has health escaped! Physic and be well. O doubt not! I yet shall hear you've lustily sworn your plight to some deluded woman: 'tis a way your self-deceived men have of starting in afresh, but father comes, I'll leave you now to business."

(*Ex. GL.*)

O'B. (*calling*):—"When I return from war with honors you shall have opportunity to prove good your words."

GL. (*outside*):—"Oh, la! do you take me so. (*Enter Gov.*—farewell,—good bye,—bonjour,—bright days are just begun."

GOV.:—"So; 'tis all arranged. You start tomorrow morning with Maginnis and two full new regiments to join the army of the Potomac. Lee has entered Pennsylvania and there's bound to be a heavy engagement soon. Do your best all of you; for it's God help the North, if this fight goes wrong—we've too many balking here at home already."

O'B.:—"I will, sir, if my poor strength can help anything it shall be done."

GOV.:—"That's all that can be asked for and now good bye. When next we meet, may it be with happier auguries."

O'B.:—"Even so. Farewell, kind sir."

(*Exeunt severally*) (*Gloria appears waving after O'B.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV., SCENE I.

(*Confederate Camp, Gettysburg. General's Headquarters. Enter President Davis, Generals Lee, Hood.*)

DAVIS:—"Yes, gentlemen, our states believed themselves communities, distinctly sovereign each, so made by our progenitors who braved the forests wild, and savage Indians to establish on such foundations rather than comfortably thrive in Europe's iron enthrallment base. There-

fore, they having so endured to form a free Virginia, Carolina, Georgia and all of our dear sisterhood; shall we, their children, relinquish easily such dear bequeathments? Nay: not while Providence provides us hope to struggle on. Out of nothing have we now a government resting solely on its people's love,—they not only cheerfully submitting to its laws, but more—being willing to offer life itself in our support. Than this, could greater argument be used to show the justice of our cause? Other governments have all the bent of 'stablished things; certain momentums of custom 'mongst the people; natural strong dislike for discommoding change to hold mankind in line, and for no other reason but that being so 'tis thought 'twere best. We are different—from boundary to boundary of the South the spirit of her peoples throb and is sinking or exalted as the progress of our arms command."

LEE:—"Well, may you say, dear Davis, out of nothing, nobly have we done till here 'fore Gettysburg there sits in gray a most colossal force—the grandest army ever marshalled on old Virginia's sacred soil. Pickett tomorrow charges our would-be oppressors; Longstreet flanks them; Hood shall beat them o'er the head, and Mahone and Gordon rout them till falling back upon their Washington, fugitives, shall spread consternation 'mongst those, who, with misguided zeal, would make the term 'United States' a singular, not a plural number."

DAVIS:—"There's allies galore for us i' the North, itself, could they but see centralization's final goal. Ever it's been humanity's road to bondage. Over and over—proved again and again:—first liberty, then wealth, then corruption and decay; whate'er the variations, all the lessons of the past amount to that one tale.

*(Enter General Benj. Butler.)*

HOOD:—"What squint-eyed, great-head pomposity from Yankedom confronts us here?"

BUTLER:—"Gentlemen, the compliments of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, and greetings to you all. My name's Butler; perhaps you've heard of me?"

HOOD:—"Why, he's arrogant as hell!"

DAVIS:—"Peace, general,—sir, you're not, by repu-

tation, all unknown to us, and the rather more we wonder at the honor of your visit; 'twere wiser, a year ago, you sent one in your place when all the Southrons' pent-up rage found outlet on that New Orleans woman order."

BUTLER:—"Let it pass. A lawyer and I quickly come to point. That order was a means on which, most fairly, you and I do not agree. 'Tis past and gone; now, other things are pressing hotly home. Which here is Lee and which is Davis?"

HOOD:—"God! shall I stomp out his guts? the spawn of Northern boorishness; shall I throttle, or wipe the floor with him?"

BUTLER:—"Mr. President, I understand I'm safe here, on a mission of peace and under a flag of truce?"

DAVIS:—"You are; proceed."

BUTLER:—"Well, then, know this war is ours. We're to win out. We've got the men, and we've got the money: Lincoln's tender hearted as a clam, but he can't stop't if he would, but he bids me say to you: The nigger's, everyone, to his own proper owner shall be paid for, if you lay down your arms; stop this bootless slaughter and huge expense of money. Unless you do, the niggers being contraband of war—for that expression they owe your humble servant—as I was saying: unless you do, you'll lose them all without a recompence. Here, then, is my position, worthy to be scanned of gods or men; the war's biggest battle now is brewing—consider, then, how momentous for good or evil, your answer; what distress 'twould save; what loss and tears, and heartaches, too deep for outer visible expression, would be avoided; young wives and children bruised and trampled in life's forenoon; old fathers and mothers hastened on towards death's twilight. Weigh it well, my erring friend; imagine, if you can, the difference to arise from out your simple, easily-spoken aye or nay."

LEE:—"There are those who have presumption to disagree with you upon the war's result."

DAVIS:—"Enough! Say no more. Even I, as Lincoln, cannot if I would."

BUTLER:—"You can! You can! Rise up and be a

man! Suppose a little Southern coterie denounce you; ten thousand fold as many shall owe you unknown, untold blessings."

LEE:—"Sir, you've had your answer. Go; why we fight, you do not, could not understand; the bare, unlovely atmosphere of your practical native state has robbed you of life's best graces. Depart."

HOOD:—"Dear Sir,—allow me—I'll show you out.—Our compliments—you understand—and Hell's defy, to those at Washington."

*(Ex. Butler and Hood.)*

LEE:—"If I should die, Davis,—if a stray bullet should cut me off—"

DAVIS:—"Lee!"

LEE:—"I have a mean feeling—and should anything happen, whom would you choose to lead these veteran infantry of the army of Northern Virginia?"

DAVIS:—"I had not thought on't; there is no one."

LEE:—"Where all do so well I would not specify, except in private, and to your ear alone, but I would have you remember it has seemed to me that Mahone, above others, has shown capacity for organization and command."

DAVIS:—"Rest assured, dear general, I shall never forget your wishes. Now let us in and prepare to break our fast, for I can hear Sambo grinding on the coffee."

*(Exeunt.)*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV., SCENE II.

*(Gettysburg Federal Camp Battle-ground at Early Dawn.*

*Enter Generals Meade and Hancock.)*

MEADE:—"Yes, dear Hancock, the battle draws nigh, the drowsy, sultry morn's about to break. God help us in the Hell of gore it's bringing forth; help us and give us strength to see it through. All their boasted Southern chivalry sit here before us, wrapped as yet,—in night's



misty mantle, but soon, nmlimbering at us with vengeful columns, coils and sinuousities, horse and foot, front and flank, artillery and bayonet. O, they'll test our strength at every point,—these grim old veterans of the South,—the length of this smoky, thundrous July day."

*(Enter General Sickles.)*

"Mawnin, old Sickle-swath to rebel twigs. Could you not wish a cheerier couch and den than that from which you've just arisen on these smoky Pennsylvanian hills?"

SICKLES:—"Nay. Here, am I; here, act I, and would not change to other time nor place."

MEADE:—"Now, God keep you of that heart! lose't not, Sickles, nor let your fiercest spirit be extinguished, before this field of Gettysburg, o' this rocky road to Washington, is won for the Union and the right; and you, dear Hancock, go to your staff; be guided as marked we out in last evening's conference.—I see a stirring yonder; the fray will soon begin."

*(Exit Hancock, saluting.)*

SICKLES:—"Shall I attend you, General?"

MEADE:—"No, brave comrade; go with gallant Hancock; later will I summon you, but as yet would be alone a while in self-commune."

SICKLES:—"May all of fortune's tricks and chances blow favorably for us today."

*(Exit Sickles.)*

MEADE:—"Lord bless us, old fire-eater! your confidence cheers me mightily."

*(Enter J. L. Flynn, Jacobs and Abbott.)*

FLYNN:—"Fall in; fall in; is it? and so dark one can hardly see the color on 's own blouse. Its fallen we'll be, Peter Abbott, before this blessed day is over, or I'm mistaken in the premises. Virgin, Mary, aid us, or we're like to be in bad distraits!"

J. L.:—"I think we shall hold 'mn off. Hancock's a better head than the majority of folks imagine, and they do say, Meade gives 'm a free hand."

JACOBS:—"Lackaday, my wife and children there,



poor and alone, an' this field prove my cemetery.—Who's this?"

MEADE:—"A friend."

JACOBS:—"What regiment?"

MEADE:—"Sickles' cavalry."

J. L.:—"A good man; what does a' think of our chances?"

MEADE:—"As just so-so; we shall beat them, or we shall be driven back and have our capital ransacked by the rebs, or Philadelphia entered and the bell of Liberty stole away. In which case, the whole of Maryland, likely to become rebellion's hottest bed; there'll truly be the deuce to pay."

J. L.:—"He hasn't told this and caused 't to be spread throughout the North?"

MEADE:—"No; why should he? He knows as well as any the country's full enough of doubts, dissensions, and self-glorifying praters; with all the nation's rag-tag howling 'gainst the government. Oh, I tell you Father Abraham, himself, well nigh gave up the ghost after those little happenings at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. So swayed are we by present loss. The best of us, at times, lose sight of our assurance with the end. I know him well—Lincoln; there's no man in the country feels so deeply as does he this protracted devastation of our fair land."

FLYNN:—"I've heard he's got a story pat for every turn; and looks at great things through the spy-glasses' smaller end."

J. L.:—"Though a' labors so to bolster humor up, I believe a' could wish himself back i' some lusty Illinoisian town bearding with touchy justices on points of law or arguing country juries with facts in equity."

MEADE:—"Nay; I differ there; all that's past and gone. His back's turned to it and he believes himself in higher hands working out the will o' God. Come woe! come pain! come death! he'll on, if my advice prevails, till his last gasp of corporeal breath 'scapes to eternity's infinitude—an' the work be not sooner done."

JACOBS:—" 'Would, then, your counsel run on different lines or a' could alone work out negro salvation. Then, should there be fewer dead before their time; nor widows and children crying: father come! father come!"

MEADE:—"Too heavy your dreams last night, old man; I know you mean different and 'll say so too, when the action is on,—but, to 't now, boys, dress up your ranks; there's warmwork coming for us all."

*(Exeunt all but Meade. Enter Guy.)*

GUY:—"Who's here?"

MEADE:—"A friend."

GUY:—"Soldier or correspondent?"

MEADE:—"I hope to call myself a soldier before the day is out."

GUY:—"You've smelt powder, then; heard bullets whiz, and watched men's life blood spurt out in awful jets?"

MEADE:—"Yes, I've been through it all. And you—who are you?"

GUY:—"As good as some that wear their straps."

MEADE:—"Then, are your superiors negligent; you should have them too."

GUY:—"My superiors are pimps to public opinion, all,—they're all the same an' 'twere not so there'd be fewer fine things done—mark my words for it. 'Tis not the deed that spurs men on, but how it's o'ing to 'fect them i' the eyes of other men;—so 'twill print well, no more is necessary—and therein's where we privates get's it spread on us and rubbed in and never know it.—What's your name, anyway?"

MEADE:—"McMeed."

GUY:—"Scotch extraction, I take it?"

MEADE:—"No; Irish."

GUY:—"Know old Colvil who maltreated my cousin t'other day?"

MEADE:—"I know him well, yes; but did not know he maltreated anyone."

GUY:—"Well, he called the lad down, sharply. You can tell 'm—an' he and I meet on a St. Patrick's day—I'll shove his green badge down his throat and make 'm eat it."

MEADE:—"Never try it friend; he's a bad, bad man to tackle in that kind of way."

GUY:—"A comrade of yours maybe?"

MEADE:—"Countryman."

GUY:—"Well, t' hell with you, then."

MEADE:—"Oh, that's all right."

GUY:—"My name's Guy—if you want to know it."

*(Exit Guy.)*

MEADE:—"The name is good enough."

*(Enter Stannard and Colvil, meeting.)*

STANNARD:—"Col. Colvil!"

COLVIL:—"Aye, brother Stannard,—out'n the guard-house when there's desperation going forward. Colvil's slouchy! Colvil's insubordinate; he tends to lower morale and discipline; until there's work for men—not dudes—to do; then, must grizzled unkempt war dogs come into the play—they're good enough for that. To hell with their waxed dandies on parade! Let 'm to Washington and dance attendance on the ladies while men pay rebels, score for score, down here."

STANNARD:—"Rage not. This is all to be expected. The name! the name's to many more than substance. What really is, is nothing—so it appears but well."

COLVIL:—"I believe ye, and thank God I'm not built that way, and that there are some to keep me company. Social pull and favoritism up there in Congress is prolonging this struggle beyond endurance."

STANNARD:—"Sh-h! not so fierce; there's ears all over."

COLVIL:—"Thanks. 'Tis useless to rate and prate; I'm mum as any stiff."

STANNARD:—" 'Tis as good a way as any. Be easy—the end and time will prove us all, and put the credit

marks where they are due. It's taken time to weed out old Scott's pets and protegees, but we're down to business now and have about all of them replaced by pugnacious fellows with Executive brains. Now let's make ready. Hear!—that opening shot of Gettysburg—a trump of doom to many a soul."

*(Exit Colvil and Stannard.)*

MEADE *(advancing)*: "Hard experience makes keen judgment—and now to try results with Lee." *(Exit.)*

### ACT IV., SCENE III.

*(The Same. Another Part of the Field. Abbott, Flynn, J. L. burying bodies of dead soldiers.)*

J. L. *(chanting)*—O, we'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree.

ABBOTT:—"Two heavy days o' this fight, and now that evening shade draws nigh we must not rest, but do our last service to the dead."

FLYNN:—"Is not it a burial for men of decent families and some of handsome properties too? Oh, the pity on't!"

J. L.:—"I tell you 'tis an honorable grave as you'll find, and 'll keep green longer i' the hearts of men than myriads others tombs that are marked with granite shafts; therefore, make it deep and smooth, Flynn, that our boys may fitting take their last long sleep in peace, safe away from jackals and the like."

FLYNN:—"They'd orter been sent to their own churchyards back home, not stuffed in here, with none to tend the spot."

J. L.:—" 'T cannot be; the dead are easy where'er they lie, but the living,—Lord have mercy on them—rack and groan with ills and wants. Let the dead rest, the quick are properer subjects for aught that's done in amelioration's sake."

FLYNN:—"Is that the present doctrine?"

J. L.:—"Aye, of sense and competence."

FLYNN:—"Well, I like it not, this burying in heaps; mixing bones past all recovery; how shall it be too, in resurrection day, with the dust all intermingled?"

J. L.:—"Fudge! Drat the dust and bones; they are naught; they are mixed before; the living look you; eat the dead; take a vine, for instance, with its roots running down into men's and women's graves, gaining substance from the bodies therein; that vine bears grapes; those grapes make wine; I drink that wine and there you have it. No; Flynn, mind ye, 'tis some other essence that resurrects."

FLYNN:—"Think you 'tis spirit only?"

J. L.:—"Exactly; a sort of current rising out of mixing your hot blood with your gray ganglion. On just what 'tis wiser 'n us have puzzled long, but, warrant you, 'twere plain enough if known,—my pick-axe there.—I swear I'd swore a month ago I'd never sweat like this—their glassy eyes stare and spur me so."

FLYNN:—"Who first brought forth this resurrection, was't Jacob?"

JOB:—"Twas Moses on the mount. I could much expound you, Flynn, of Samuel and all the other prophets and the evils of pork-eating, but 'tis vain; this age has run away from all of that, yet—by my faith, an' I shrived and cleaned, I'd not be so far off either. 'Tis not the outer punctiliousnesses that count in spiritual matters, 'tis the inner heart, Flynn.—Hark."

*(Hymn music in distance.)*

ABBOTT:—"Know you not that out of Jewish despond, 'twas Christ of Calvary raised up our belief to hopes of beatific future life? (*Kneels*) Oh, God, see us amidst all this appalling destruction of those created in Thy image! Look down on us from Heaven with pity! Thy servants are far off from Thee, engulfed in sin, and crying for the light. O, God, this bloody day has sent all unprepared to judgment ten thousand of Thy creatures, and yet yawns the morrow for others. O, God, we know of North or South, 'tis one to Thee. Beseech Thee, consider the importunity of our time and all absolve of both sins committed and sins omitted."

*(Music stops.)*

J. L.:—"Amen, old Abbott, I'm not of thee, but given a proper situation right well can I appreciate your pious feelings."

*(Drags up a body.)*

*(Enter O'Brien and Maginnis.)*

O'BRIEN:—"Nothing but burying, burying; in pits, trenches, ditches; singly, doubly, by scores, by hundreds; look where you will, 'tis going on, there must be thousands planted in already hereabouts. Priests and ceremonies had a glut of occupation now, but lacking novelty occasion's cheapened, so comes it out their rites are not required at all."

MAGINNIS:—"Never think, O'Brien, that frequency cheapens death; its always very acute; a cold fact and means much; to me, say, the leaving friends and family; to you, perhaps, chagrin at losing life before you've solved it; to another, this and this, or that and that, whate'er it is, it always presses home, mind that. Who was this?"

J. L.:—"That was a Vermonter, and this a Minnesotan."

O'BRIEN:—"Both from lands of maple trees, of boiling sap and planting seed in spring time blithe and fresh—I would I could renew my youth Maginnis."

MAGINNIS:—"Tush! Why, boy, I doubt if you're of legal age; you brood too much on grief and loss; now, that we're here to play our part in these gigantic scenes, doubt not the end of dispensations sent from God, nor that all their worth and harmony, sooner or later, appears to you. By the by, weren't proper to speak of such a thing. I think I know of one whose eyes'll welcome you from war, although her tongue may not."

O'B.:—"If you mean what I think, and I had a heart to give, no greater joy were possible than to have it anchored there—but, woe is me. I am but the shell of man, a moving semblance, the shadow of reality."

MAGINNIS:—"Oh, you're all right. These corpses here, poor fellows, are the shells of men—attend you on their interment; I must away to Hancock; despond you not. I guarantee tomorrow's work will regulate these fancies in your brain—life is moving, ever marching on



ward—the dead is still and stays behind. Fall in, then, nor think to change unalterable laws of time and men; the end 'll unravel many things for you and some, I hope, for me that you wot not of."

*(Exit Maginnis.)*

O'B.:—"What heart he puts in life—they all do in fact—all but me whom am like a withered cocoon that should have fallen long, long ago."

J. L.:—"Withered cocoons—Bosh! boy, here are cracked cocoons for you. This Minnesotan's scarce a bone unbroken left. They say, a' fell across his colonel, when the old man was down, and bore the brunt of trampling feet. It fixed 'm, I tell you, but the Colonel's saved all right, all right."

O'B.:—"What's the proper thing to do in war, Job. I've heard you marched in Mexico with Taylor and ought to know the necessary."

J. L.:—"Young sir, look you—one of the first things your new soldier's got to learn is how to take care 'f himself—give a hand on this giant's legs there—most of 'em being merely children in that respect. He's accustomed to life's conveniences at home and sadly lacks your provident foresight which is habit with a veteran. Comes a sudden, unexpected march—his old shoes wear out the very first day. Comes a cold, stormy night—his blankets, cooking pan and food are miles back along the line, thrown away to lighten 's load. This fellow's warm yet—must have just died—then again, perhaps your greenhorn, in a steaming perspiration, finds a cold spring of water. Straightway he drinks his fill and makes himself a candidate for the hospital. Also, he often sneaks out of column on the march and lies down to rest in fence corners; then heartsick, homesick, marches on alone of nights to join his company, or—to die, and he don't care which."

O'B.:—"But the drills; the moving forward and the moving back without doing anything; ain't it horribly tedious?"

J. L.:—"To your novice, yes; because he don't understand the finesse, as it were. It must be distinctly understood that somewhere in all this maneuvering there's going to come a fight when victory's to be won—or lost. Then,



look you—fail you in that emergency—all else is failure too. Your army must be ready when the critical time comes, with full strength and full cartridge boxes. For this is martial discipline maintained—to be prepared when the hour is come. How hot it is, boys, how hot it is! but cover then deep all the same. Little we know how soon somebody will be doing this for us.”

O'B.:—“Well, Job, anyhow you appear better here than at Willowdale trotting sidewalks nights from one saloon to tother. I wouldn't have believed it.”

J. L.:—“Boy, make me not homesick—but, by Zooks! I never forgave you Gene's death, O'Brien, till this moment. I believe, now, 'twas but natural you did what you did and I'm not saying anything and I'm going to see you through here. We'll go inspect yonder trench, now. Spare not elbow grease, boys. Use plenty of earth; you'd want it so yourself; furthermore we want to have it so all be shapely when they first shall come to dedicate this well and quickly populated cemetery. Come, O'Brien.”

*(Exit J. L. and O'Brien.)*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

*(The same... Another part of the field... Shots and shouts.)*

*(Enter J. L., Guy, and Union Soldiers.)*

GUY:—“Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot! but don't dodge or you'll catch a bullet.”

J. L.:—“Aye, and be shot, shot, shot, shot! happier they who died on the battle's opening day than labor to the third and then be killed. In all that I have ever known battles didn't last a week but were finished sudden-like and done with. This war, I tell you, is running into contradiction; nevertheless let's force them on; on.”—*(Exeunt.)*

*(Enter Hancock and staff.)*

HANCOCK:—“Ha! Pickett comes! with the flower of Lees' army in his wake. Now's the moment looked for long! Have at thee, devil-dare rebel, 'gainst all that's true in men or state! O, may we scourge the earth of such rancorous growth!”

(*They charge off. Enter O'Brien and Union soldiers.*)

O'BRIEN:—"Give it to the devils with these cobblestones, when they come again! Gather 'em all up, they're better'n arms in this hot rough-and-tumble."

(*Enter Confederates. They fight and are driven off. Enter J. L.*)

J. L.:—"Oh, O'Brien, you'll win your straps an' you continue on like this. Oh, I'm blowed, scarcely can I breathe."

(*Enter Hancock and Colvil, severally.*)

HANCOCK:—"Furies of Hell; they've broken Sickles' line! My life, for five minutes stay till the reserves come up. What regiment is this?"

COLVIL:—"The First Minnesota."

HANCOCK:—"You here? thank God! Colvil, see! Pickett's coming there! charge those lines, charge, Charge, CHARGE! though the last man of you dies."

COLVIL:—"First Minnesota! Right shoulder shift! Follow now your colonel through this galled Hell to a soldier's fitting end! Charge, First Minnesota. Charge! Charge, CHARGE!"

(*Exeunt Except Hancock.*)

(*Outside*)—"Thrust bayonets!"

(*Alarms.*)

HANCOCK:—(*With field glass*) "Superb, Superb! but I knew they'd do it. The reb's have actually come to a dead stand. Glory! Glory! before they get momentum again the reserves will be up. Oh give me every time half a thousand fiery men for a quick turn and a lightning stroke!"

(*Exit.*)

## CURTAIN.

### ACT IV, SCENE V.

(*The same. Another part of the field. Enter Jeffries and Fessenden, meeting. Shots. Shouts.*)

JEFFRIES:—"Your name, reb, that dare presume on

stopping me, once I've started in a fighting? take care, you."

FESSENDEN:—"Fessenden,—d'ye hear? A Fessenden, of Virginia. Now fight—or run."

JEFFRIES:—"Oh, balls! college day bravado, nor plantation deviltry shall avail you here. Mine's Jeffries', come proud youth and test a man's strength."

FESSENDEN:—"Many o' your ilk 's felt mine before today, as shall you now."

JEFFRIES:—"In all the upper Susquehanna valley, I was champion scrapper; an' you do me, I give you credit for it."

FESSENDEN:—"The field's too small for both of us. Come on you—"

*(They fight. Jeffries falls. Enter General Lee.)*

LEE:—"Oh, doughty Fessenden, fought they all as you we'd not been in such disorder here today."

FESSENDEN:—"Why!—do our ranks break?"

LEE:—"Aye, all's confounded, these northers fight like devils and foiled Picketts' charge which should 'a won the day. O, grievous! I begin to fear the end o' Butler's prophesying. The fates are leagued against us."

FESSENDEN:—"Not so, not so; I will not have it so! Oh, not yet, not ever defeat! Lee's grim veterans, at least, may still retire where others had been beat."

*(Exit Fessenden.)*

LEE:—"Courtly Fessenden, you cheer my hope! One more essay to win this triple day's accursed carnage ground—failing that, I'll use welcome nights' black cover and back again in comely order across Potomac river."

*(Exit.)*

*(Enter General Hood.)*

HOOD:—"Shame and confusion! All is on the rout; disorder frames fear and panic-stricken men but run where they should fight the harder. O war, with Hell's licking tongues, whom angry Heavens make their correcting rods! O, let the vile world end, and the promised flames

of judgment day bring earth and sky together now!"

(*Re-enter Fessenden*):—"Fly, General, fly! for our discomfiture is complete. Hancock rages like a mad stallion. Away! Death pursues and none may wait."

HOOD:—"But see—what's yonder blue-coats skurrying across the hillside! Is't possible Longstreet's pushing them?"

FESSENDEN:—"Bah! 'tis their high aristocratic militia. Meek as lambs where sulphur stinks—see 'em shie behind the undergrowth!"

HOOD:—"True, 'tis them. There was other blood than that to deal with, Fessenden. God! they fight as only good conditioned, well provisioned men can—on and on and never tire—we cannot stem it more, but must fall back as best we may."

(*Exeunt. Enter Meade, Hancock, Sickles and others.*)

HANCOCK:—"The Union and Victory! fight, soldiers, fight!"

MEADE:—"Oh, matchless Hancock, praised be God, the field is ours! lost and recovered back again! 'tis a double honor and God hath glory in this happy end."

HANCOCK:—"My noble general, proud and happy, I to have served with you on this great advancement to our cause."

MEADE:—"Thanks, thou prince of chargers; but for thee we'd ne'er accomplish half so much. Now, a day, breathe we soldiers; good fortune bids us pause and still war's tumults with slumber's soothing balm. Let some few cavalry pursue the gaunt and bloody Southerners and see to it they get but little rest—we'll attend our wounded, count our dead, and give them safe interment; then, tomorrow, burnish our accoutrements, and after Lee to finish that we have so well begun—Hancock you faint! is aught the matter?"

HANCOCK:—"Nay, 'tis nothing—a mere scratch; I had forgotten it."

MEADE:—"He weakens—attend you him there along with me. 'Twere a sadder ending than glory could repay if the cost included thee. Stop—go you on, I follow in a

moment—Sickles!”

SICKLES:—“Aye, General.”

MEADE:—“Lincoln wired; so fell it out that we could spare them to despatch three regiments of our best westerners to New York City to check the mobs up there. There be others just as good yet having done service than which did men never better I hesitate not to nominate—mark them down—the First Minnesota; the Seventh Michigan; the Eighth Ohio; attend you this, dear brother, soon as may be when they’ve taken rest.”

SICKLES:—“It shall be done.”

(*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT V, SCENE I.

(1865, Washington—*The White House. Discovered Generals Meade, Hancock, Gov. of N. Y., J. L. Maginnis, O’Brien and others. Corpse of President Lincoln on bier. Grand march.*)

MEADE:—“Come we soldiers for a last look  
At our great beloved commander’s face—  
Oh, gloomy day! Oh day that sees our North  
Enwrapped in woe’s black pall!  
Drenched in sorrow that Lincoln’s taken hence,  
Where rolls Atlantic on rocky shores  
To Mississippi’s fruitful plains.  
Rage ye! O Heaven’s elements in fitting accompaniment to  
our woful thoughts.”

HANCOCK:—“Lincoln, our martyred president, too  
noble, too unselfish  
For this Philistine age,  
Gone, when after four crowded years  
In our favor the contest is decided,  
Just as the goal is reached! it seems too hard.”

GOV. N. Y.:—“None since Washington could with him  
compare,  
Purified that great heart  
In the crucible of early loss.  
His tempered mind; looking not on surfaces,  
But down below at the heart of things;

His noble personality 's infused  
And colored so strongly in the era of his scene,  
That when history records these epochal years  
His great soul shall pervade it all."

BUTLER:—"We whimper here: Why rage we not in arms?

Father Abe is basely stricken down,  
And like school boys we falter all confused,  
Making pomp of grief where should avenge  
Plot and deed so base as this.  
Are we cravens to suffer it to pass  
Without swift Nemesis following fast?  
Let's make them smart and pay their sins."

MEADE:—"Not so, not so,  
Himself would want it otherwise  
No evidence is there;  
But that in 's diseased brain, the murderer,  
Conceived and hatched the foulest egg  
Spawned since time began.  
So it is; so it stands; with God-like strength,  
Lincoln's passed i' the hey-dey of his glory."

GOV. N. Y.:—"In one way with all its sadness,  
It doth indeed seem fitting,  
Never now shall he fall in those retrogressions,  
Common to all when decay approaches  
For eternity stands his record all unalterable,  
Nor shall in no wise tarnished be."

J. L.:—" 'S death! poor consolation in my way of thinking,  
For a man's dead he's dead and all's one to him."

GOV. N. Y.:—"Not so, a good man never dies,  
But his influence goes on and on  
Somewhere, somehow, through all the ages."

MEADE:—"Well, move you on; bear out the corpse;  
the people all are waiting—the whole of Washington  
and half the country's lined twixt here and Union Sta-  
tion to honor with their tears our great leader's last de-  
parture to his loved western home."

*(Exit all but J. L.)*

J. L.:—"Now comes upon this world's fleeting stage—



President Andy Johnson—He shall give me some good commissions in the public service or rouse the ire of all the Yankees in upper Susquehanna valley, I mean, not that; but that, I mean; is what I'll make him think 'twill do,—there's no sense in this thing the way it's been a-going on—the government owes me a berth and has got to pay its debt; that's all there is about it.

(*Enter Martha*)—"Good Lord! Good Lord! Are you too attending these high functions? Are you here?"

MARTHA:—"I am here, Job Larson, I'm here and more—for two long years I've been waiting for this moment to tell you what I think, but—gracious, me! how you've changed?"

J. L.:—Ah, me! Yes, Martha, I know what you would say—I hope never again to be the old reprobate I was in those days. They're past and gone now, Martha, and are nothing to the point—I love you much as ever!"

MARTHA:—"Not here, Job; don't commence to talk of 't here, dear."

J. L.:—"Here or anywhere; it's so and must be outwardly expressed. You wouldn't think it—an old coon like me—but many a night with marching spent and worn, I've laid down and dreamed of you, not your gauzy castle-building dreams, but solid dreams that come home unto the hearts of men. Such was I; and being so, and being here, shall not I express to you?"

MARTHA:—"This is a public place; wait until we are more private. You are so—why don't you ask of George?"

J. L.:—"Since you are here, I take it for granted the boy is well—but seriously, Martha, the inner inwardness o' my mind 's been shown to me during these two years' absence. I've great hopes of advancement in the new administration, and shall need a comely wife to grace my high position. Let's then to a parson straight; we've courted enough; let us marry now without delay, and with good speed so that ere nightfall falls we 'll have accomplished it."

(*Pulls her away.*)

MARTHA:—"Its so sudden and unexpected—"

(*Exeunt. Enter Gloria and O'Brien, meeting.*)



GLORIA:—"God-a-mercy! Are not you dead yet? have you, indeed, soldiered these two years and lived to tell it?"

O'BRIEN:—"Alive, yes—but would not be, so only for your medicine."

GLORIA:—"Medicine! my medicine?—I never gave you medicine."

O'B.:—"Invisible essence, I mean, not pills from *materia medica*. Like some subtle tonic there's that about you invigorates to me—O be not angry of my hasty, ill-chosen words! Remember a soldier's longing for the very crumbs of gentler life, which though falling unnoted on the pampered seem like tidbits to your long abstainer's fasted senses. When, that time, I left you for soldier duty there was but a tithe of spirit left in me—and half of that through spite of you. As my only spring to action then, little by little through those months I nursed and cherished your sympathetic looks and actions in my sore and blackened heart: and did it so well, that 'tis become a part of me; grown beyond all comprehension or management. Therein lies my future, on your compunction hung; fail me, I am naught but that I was before; therefore, are you cleared; seems this abrupt to you, Gloria? 'Tis familiar to me as sun to day! Dearest, if no other ties, can you make room for one insignificant as even I? Look you—a little something—a major's straps, an' you but valued them!"

GLORIA:—"I think they're nice (*smoothing them*), but I—I'm engaged (*O'B sinks on chair*), but then, he doesn't want me.

O'BRIEN (*rises*):—"Then you'll have me? O, say, Gloria,—Say't and I'll shout with joy!"

GLORIA:—"If I get released,—I don't care."

O'B.:—"What makes you think you might be? I'm fearful—fear I cannot compass such felicity! Who is't?"

GLORIA:—"Capt. Maginnis."

O'B.:—"Maginnis! Oh-h—"

GLORIA:—"But he wants Victoria."

O'B.:—"Does he though? Then, darling, shall he have

her with our best wishes (*seizes her hands*)?

GLORIA:—"This is not the shattered man I saved. Were you but fooling me and taking mean advantage of my pity!—so there!"

O'B.:—"Never, never. O sweet pity! O sweet love! Gaze into mine eyes and read my truth and I thine.—Thus should we never tire till time's sands were outrun."

(*They retire. Re-enter J. L. and Martha.*)

J. L.:—"God bless you, with my acquaintance 'mongst army chaplains you could marry half a dozen times in walking half as many blocks. They're thicker here in Washington, in these latter days than government jobs ever were or ever will be—be gobs! O, I feel funny; I'll never go to war again Martha; I'll stay at home and cultivate the softer arts—me hearts! There't goes again! How is't with you, Maginnis? Here's me 'n O'Brien—by the looks over yonder—in high content, while you are glum as soured oysters—(*sings*):

"O an old tin can and a little pug tan as away he ran, ran."

MAGINNIS:—"You see, Victoria, how she fawns on him (*indicates Gloria and O'B.*). Why hold you out longer and refuse a soldier lover his aftermath of consolation?"

VICTORIA:—"Well, if 'tis so, I am content; have it as you will."

MAG.:—"Joy! joy!"

(*Kisses her. Enters Gov. of N. Y.*)

GOV.:—"I never thought to peep, but really I couldn't interrupt. It seems to me that shoulder straps must assist in wooing, however much must be forgiven such unsettled times as ours. Now down to Albany, N. Y., we'll hie ourselves and at my house celebrate these weddings three, and print it in the papers "wooded and won in the White House." In our lives joy and sorrow's mixed. Grotesque antics played on sober proprieties."

"If otherwise with you,

"Thank you your divinity

"That you are better than we."

CURTAIN.



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